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Lunnon * remembered a great deal about the old customs. Seated in his front yard under the shade of a crepe myrtle tree, he and Prince Sneed were chatting. Lunnon's hair was snow white and wooly. On his left ear was a gold earring, which he claimed tended to improve his eyesight.[37] When he laughed he bent double and slapped his knees with his hands; at the same time his mouth opened wide, revealing his three remaining teeth. At first he was reluctant to admit that he had heard much about conjuring. He finally admitted, between chuckles, that he had heard about it from his mother and grandmother but vehemently denied any belief in conjure himself. He was serious, however, as he told the following story about Prince Sneed's father-in-law, who was being conjured at the time.

"I lib in White Bluff fuh bout fifty yeahs, an I kin tell yuh many stories I heahd bout cunjuhin an root doctuhs. Somebody heahbouts put an ebil spell on Prince Sneed's fathuh-in-law, Lunnon Milton.[15] He seem tuh git wus an wus an nuttn seem tuh hep him none. Finally he sen fuh a root doctuh an he wuk obuh im but he dohn git no bettuh.[48] He call in eight ub um altuhgedduh, but dey dohn seem able tuh countuhrack dat cunjuh.[6] Duh ole man sick tuh dis day. Maybe some day he fine a root doctuh wut is powful nuff tuh hep him." [48]

As Uncle Lunnon finished his story, Prince Sneed,** a dark man of splendid physique despite his sixty-odd years, added, "It's lak dis. Wen Ise sick, I gonuh see a doctuh right away. Now muh faduh-in-law, he jis keep on wid dem root doctuhs, but he say he ain gittin a bit bettuh."

Prince proved to be an interesting talker, much of his knowledge having been gleaned from conversations by the fireside with his grandfather. The following narrative was still fresh in his memory:

* *London Grayson, White Bluff. Deceased November, 1939.*
** *Prince Sneed, White Bluff.*